

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



ANOTHER WEDDING AT TARLETON

## CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XLI.—SURPRISE.

AS usual, Hope and Ada spent their mornings together, but in the afternoon the latter generally rested, while Hope betook herself to some favourite spot with a book, which served as an excuse for the love of solitude that had been lately growing upon her. Near the river, in the shade of the white-stemmed pines which just sheltered her from the ex-

treme heat, and with little patches of sunshine flickering about her, Hope was in the habit of whiling away many an idle hour, sometimes watching intently, but always without interest, whatever her eye chanced to rest upon. The insect world flitted and hummed and moved around her. The dragon-fly, or demoiselle, so suggestively called in French nomenclature, darted along and over the river, disporting its gay colours and elegant form in the search of ephemeral happiness; the bees with

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

untiring industry culled some sweet delight from the wild flowers that had thrust their roots into every available chink; and many a sparkling-winged green beetle pursued its way up and down the short blades of grass, with some object, it may be supposed, though purposeless to the human eye. But in all this Hope found no pleasure. The time had come when she could neither look backwards nor forwards without weariness. The happy quietude of former days had been disturbed, never again to resume its old complexion; exchanged for feelings more stirring, more vehement, and oh, far dearer. Yet they brought her no happiness now, only a continuance of a dull, heavy pain at her heart which she knew not how to banish nor to soothe. Everything had gone wrong. She was to have been Piers' burden-bearer, and once felt proud of the title; now she could hardly bear her own. Sometimes she doubted whether she had done right in sending that letter; whether it would not have been better to wait a little longer, and allow Piers to take his own course without any help from her. Had she not been quixotically sensitive for his reputation at her own expense? Like many who sit down to reflect, Hope found some hard problems beyond her power to solve. The mystery of life met her at once; how thorny to some, how flowery to others. Ray gone—snatched away so early, like an unfinished web taken from the loom to be immediately replaced by another.

Ada, too, was declining, but sweetly and gently, shedding day by day the perfume of her blameless life upon all who approached her. With some self-upbraiding she contrasted herself with Ada. Was there no lesson for her to learn? Cut off from most of the enjoyments that make the days as they come and go pleasant to the young, with little strength and entirely without the buoyancy resulting from a healthy circulation, Ada was ever placid or cheerful. Like a barque at safe anchorage, no storms from without ever swept over her path; nay more, scarcely a ripple disturbed the sweet calm she enjoyed. Instead of a craving for the occupations and amusements of others, or a fretful sense of her deprivation in not possessing them, her mind travelled its daily round of thankfulness for mercies received, varied with frequent aspirations after the nobler existence promised to God's children. She did not murmur at being so often weary, nor did she express any peevish longing for the state and period where languor would be unknown.

"Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace," says the prophet. The duty she had done, and was day by day gathering the promised fruit, as none could doubt who looked upon her smooth brow and tranquil face. For many of earth's best and purest, the heaven of their earnest desires is begun here. As cities set upon the hilltops, they fulfil to others the mission of holding forth a light, which, shining into the dark places of some human heart, may point to a road not sown with sin and vanity, and which never leads to disappointment.

We hear so much in these days of the *inner life*, which may or may not be a profitable subject for thought. With some it signifies introspection, and that may present only unsatisfactory pages, blurred with bitter tears and blotted with irreparable mistakes. We should see that the *inner* is the *higher* life, where the aim and privileges of the Christian are apparent. Its growth may be slow, but it must be sure. Strengthening as the shadows of this little

span decline, some proofs of its vitality must be visible, though none can accurately calculate the numerous links of that secret chain, one end of which is attached to our earthly tenement, while the other is in heaven, fastened at the footstool and about the throne of our Master and Sovereign Lord.

Hope, though cordially appreciating Ada, was compelled to acknowledge to herself that she could not imitate her. She could not acquire her serenity of mind. Having sincerely desired to do a good action, she was surprised and fretful that it brought her no recompense. Struggle as she would, the lower side of her affections came uppermost. Self pleaded too powerfully to be silenced, and, contrary to her expectations, she found no sustenance in her good intentions; only a deeper sense of loneliness and general dissatisfaction as the days crept by. She wondered and wearied. A fortnight had passed since she wrote her letter, and no answer had come. But if Piers acquiesced in her decision, would he think it necessary to write at all? This was a new idea, that came to her as she sat this afternoon in her favourite spot, listlessly turning over the leaves of the volume on her lap, and noting nothing that went on around her,—not the glad life of insect or butterfly shimmering in the sunshine, not the clouds of dust from the travelling carriages which sometimes brought their occupants to lunch at Bellerive, nor the loud rattling of the huge diligence which stopped there at that hour of the day to change horses. Hope was trying to picture her future life at Tarleton, for of course she would live there, and of course she would be quite happy some day—some years hence, perhaps, but still she would be her old self again.

"No one is sent into the world to be happy in their own way, it must be in God's way," she reflected, "and He will take care of those who care for Him. I am sure I shall be happy again some day," she went on, taking counsel with herself, at the same time dashing away a rebellious tear, convinced that Tarleton would never be so dear to her as formerly. If that feeling were wrong, she would struggle against it, and if the disenchantment proceeded from any defect in herself, she would ask to be taught better. On one point she was quite decided, she would never pass her time in idle regrets. Some work would be found for her to do, and she would do it heartily. She would not think about being happy, but about being good; not really good—that she could never be—but she might be patient and kind in her dealings with others. There were so many sufferers, and she was so well and strong, and had so much for which to be thankful! Reasoning thus with herself, she bravely checked her tears, or wiped them away before the dewy moisture had time to gather into drops.

She would go among her old pets as formerly, she thought to herself; she would visit Nina, the vicar's wife—at that she smiled; play with Mr. Saunders' handsome, intelligent dog; and—yes, she must sometimes—very seldom, but sometimes—visit at the manor when Piers and Clarice were married. Clarice would try to patronise her as she used to do. Hope did not mind it once—now she shrank from the very idea with pain; and Piers—he would be always polite, he would talk to her, kindly, of course, as to Nina or to her mother; and she would answer him carelessly, and her heart would be aching all the while. Oh, how heavy it would be! Yet no

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one should suspect it—certainly neither of them, for she would be always calm, taking care to talk only of things that she did not in the least care about. Piers might be happy, for he was a resolute man, and Clarice would not dare vex him as she had done Ray.

Here it must be owned that Hope sunk into a strain of thought altogether wrong, her hardly-maintained heroism having suddenly given way. She knew it, hated herself for it, yet went on thinking how dreadful it would be to see him happy in his home, and herself almost a stranger there. She drew the picture so vividly, anticipated her sorrow so keenly, that all her courage vanished, and sobs, audible as well as abundant, shook her girlish frame. Having once completely broken down, she made no more attempt at self-restraint; to cry as much as she liked was a relief, a luxury which she might indulge in that solitary spot; alone, under those silent pine-trees, where no eye witnessed her weakness. She fancied that a good fit of weeping would cure it—that it would not be possible to force back her feelings always. "Far better let them flow and exhaust themselves," she said to herself; "I must cry for once; I will, I must, and then I will never give way any more—never again."

Having gained her own permission to indulge her grief, Hope made the most of it. Seated on the turf, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her face not only buried in her hands, but completely covered by her handkerchief, the neglected book on the ground beside her, she rocked herself to and fro, sobbing in all the luxury of self-abandonment, the more violently because she had so long struggled against it. It was a very storm of passionate distress. Mother, father, sister, friends, good resolutions, all were forgotten at that moment. She felt so utterly miserable, as if nothing now remained to her, as if all the sunshine had gone out of her life. "Oh, Piers, Piers! I want my Piers and I have given him up! Piers, my Piers!" she cried out, not really knowing that she was speaking aloud, only desperately bent on giving way for once, in the hope of being ultimately cured.

"Here I am; what do you want with me?" said a well-known voice, close to her.

Startled out of all presence of mind, Hope, with her eyes red and wet, and the tears still on her cheeks, looked up and saw Captain Ashworth standing near her, smiling with what seemed cruel complacency. The sobbing entirely ceased, though the head was bent down lower than before.

"What can you possibly want with Piers, who is to be nothing more to you?" he asked, seating himself beside her on the turf, and gently withdrawing her hands and handkerchief from her face. "You called me, here I am; what have you to say?" he continued, permitting himself to enjoy her distress for an instant, then afterwards added with unusual gravity, "Hope, if I tell you that you have grievously hurt and offended me, will you be too proud to ask to be forgiven?"

Having possessed himself of both her hands, she was left defenceless to his searching gaze.

"No," she answered readily, her heart giving a bound at the prospect of so speedy a reconciliation.

"And will you hold yourself responsible for the anger and ill-temper my distrust of you occasioned?"

"Yes," replied Hope, joyfully, bowing her head

until it rested on her imprisoned hands, unwilling to let him see the great change his presence had wrought in her.

"What am I to do with this?" he asked presently, taking from his pocket her much-regretted letter. "Am I to keep it in memory of the most foolish of small women, or am I to tear it up and forget it?"

"Neither," said Hope, her eyes shining through their arrested tears, and looking her old happy self again. Taking it from him, she tore it into a multitude of pieces, scattered them far and wide, and nestled under his strong protecting arm with a confidence she had never shown before.

"Now tell me, what induced you to write that letter?" said Piers, returning to the subject some time afterwards, when Hope thought it was forgotten.

"A dream."

Piers looked incredulous.

"You are too sensible for that."

Hope was not only obliged to relate it, but also to undergo a strict catechising, which laid bare both her feelings and motives.

"I understand you now," said Piers, looking graver than he had yet done. "It was not, as I at first feared, from coldness of heart that you acted, but from nobleness. You sacrificed yourself in order to keep me from disgrace. How very kind of you!"

"You are laughing at me," said Hope, with a little shy uneasiness.

"Only partially. I see how thoroughly you are persuaded of your own superiority."

Disconcerted by this new view of her conduct, Hope looked in all directions without finding anything to say which might rebut the accusation.

"Would you like to hear about my visit to the manor?" asked Piers, taking compassion upon her, after enjoying her discomfiture. Of course, she desired nothing more eagerly.

"Well, then," began he, "I shall tell you that I went there intending to show Mrs. Ray Ashworth every chivalrous consideration. I was received in her private room, her boudoir as she was pleased to call it, which was so crammed with all kinds of delicate objects, both of taste and value, that, involuntarily, because I was vexed with her, my first thought was of Hope, regretting that she was not there on my blind side to guard me against awkwardness by putting brittle things out of my way. Are you listening?"

She was listening, and intently too, as he well knew, with her large lustrous eyes fixed upon him, her lips parted to drink in every word, quite unconscious of the sweet flattery that lay in her rapt attention.

"You are right after all, and I deserve reproof for seeming inclined just now to dispute the point," said Piers, purposely suspending his narrative, the more to enjoy her breathless interest. "You are right—you really are better than I am. Where you would have shown pity, I was hard and severe; where you would have been grieved, I testified displeasure. I tell you, little woman, that during this interview that cold heart did not evince an atom of tender regret—that it does not cherish one sacred memory of our poor lost Ray. I saw nothing higher, nothing deeper, than a selfish sorrow for her altered fortunes, and a sincere desire to regain them at any

price. You would have distressed yourself for her, perhaps prayed for her—I punished her. Don't look so shocked. There is always a Nemesis lying in wait for such characters at one or other of the turnings of life. It matters not who personates it. I had this satisfaction on that occasion. Had she shown any grief for Ray, even one genuine emotion, I would have spared her—her widowhood would have been a sacred defence against my resentment. Can you guess how I punished her?" asked Piers, looking fondly yet half ruefully at Hope.

"In the most courteous phraseology I could find I offered her the despised 'Bower' for a residence, and had besides the sweet satisfaction, I was almost going to say revenge, of thanking her for being the first to call my attention to the excellent qualities of the little woman whom I hoped in a short time—mark," he added, with emphasis, "in a very short time—to make my wife. You see, Hope, I forgot I was angry with you."

#### CHAPTER XLII.—ANOTHER RETURN HOME.

Hope's wedding took place about a month after her sister's, and both events were celebrated in the parish church, to the voluble contentment of old Martin, who would have classed it among the signs of the degeneracy of the times if the young ladies had been married elsewhere.

No merry bells rang out a joyous welcome when, a little more than two years after the inauspicious marriage of Ray and Clarice, the new bride and bridegroom, at the close of a short honeymoon excursion, came home to the manor. With genuine feeling, as well as from good taste—for Ray's sudden demise yet gave him many sorrowful hours—Captain Ashworth had requested that no public rejoicings should be made.

Tarleton reluctantly yielded, but only in part. The villagers gave up the bell-ringing because it was especially forbidden, but not the traditional bonfire. No joyous event had ever occurred in the Ashworth family without this rural pastime to chronicle it, and they argued, must not do so now. So the bright flames blazed and leaped against the grey November sky as the carriage of the travellers, in the dusky twilight, began to ascend the road leading directly to the manor. Hope, the least absorbed in thought, and ever quick in observation, was the first to see the fire, and pointed it out to her husband.

"I forbade every manifestation of rejoicing," said Captain Ashworth, in a vexed tone. Then, fearing that Hope might feel chilled, he gently stroked the little hand that had sought his, saying, "Nothing can be so pleasant for me to see as the bright face beside me."

Captain Ashworth had not forbidden the welcome of the heart which awaited him in his own hall. Blair, to whom he was scarcely less dear than Ray himself, received him with words of hearty welcome struggling against his tears. Beside him stood another whose presence was quite unexpected.

"What, you, Robin?" said Captain Ashworth. "I thought you were placed elsewhere."

"I heard from Blair that you would want another servant," was the reply.

After shaking him cordially by the hand, Piers turned his wife towards him, saying, "If you knew the care he took of me during my miserable illness, you would thank him with all your heart."

Hope, whom the rich toilet it was Mrs. Stanmore's

pleasure to make her wear could not turn into a fine lady, thanking him simply and gratefully, held out her tiny hand, which Robin, afraid to touch, stood regarding as a curiosity.

"Shake it, man," said Piers, laughing. "It is neither china nor glass, but a warm, living hand. You will not break it."

Not exactly, yet it seemed to Hope that she was encountering an iron vice. However, being a brave little thing, and anxious of all things to show goodwill towards those whom her husband valued, she bore the rough grasp without wincing, and then ran forward to throw her arms round Mrs. Ashworth, who came out of the drawing-room to greet them.

Later, Hope stood by one of the windows overlooking the lawn, where the outline of the dark trees was still distinct in the evening twilight. Without the scene was cheerless enough, a great contrast with the warm, handsome room where she now was, yet more in harmony with her thoughts than the signs of happy domesticity around her. She could not help thinking of Ray, not long ago coming home as she and her husband had done that day, and now lying in the family vault, separated from these scenes for ever.

"What is the matter with my little wife?" said Piers. He had just returned from seeing his mother into the carriage, as she positively declined remaining with them that day, and insisted on going back to "The Bower," of which she had again taken possession. Raising Hope's face, he looked earnestly, anxiously even, into her tearful eyes.

"I am thinking of dear, kind Ray—how short a time he lived here. Happy as I am, I could cry for him. I hope I shall live here longer than he did. I hope I shall not be taken away from you so very soon," murmured she, pathetically.

"God forbid, my darling," said Piers, reverently. "If I lost my Hope, I should lose all my sunshine."

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—L'ENVOI.

A FEW days after the newly-married pair had returned to the manor, Piers, already dressed for dinner, was standing on the hearth-rug, watching the fire he had stirred into a blaze, that sent a soft, cheerful light over the greater portion of the large, handsome drawing-room. Many of the expensive knicknacks, formerly there, were gone, Mrs. Ray Ashworth having retained them for her own use, or to ornament a small cottage in Leamington, where she had determined to spend the first year of her widowhood. The rest of the furniture Piers had bought at a fancy price, it being no part of his design to punish her by neglect of her material interests. Thanks to her expensive tastes, the manor was in excellent order, every room perfectly furnished; its only drawback a superfluity of luxury, which Hope found more oppressive than agreeable.

The dinner-hour was passed, and Piers was evidently becoming impatient, looking first at the clock on the mantelpiece, then at the letter he had laid beside it, and next at the door, which opened at length and Hope rustled in, putting the last touch to the arrangement of her lace cuffs. Mrs. Stanmore and Mrs. Ashworth, besides Mrs. Fellowes, had each had a share in preparing the young bride's trousseau. Many rich articles composed it, to which Hope attached little value, now as ever, caring more for the celerity of her toilet than its elegance.

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This afternoon she had been to "The Bury," and remained out so late that she had to make more haste than usual in dressing, as Piers, looking into her room before he went downstairs, asked her to join him in the drawing-room as soon as she could. As she entered the room, he held out his hand and drew her to the fire. "How cold you are! You must not stay out again so late unless you drive home and are well wrapt up."

Hope laughed merrily. "You forget, Piers, that I am neither fragile nor delicate, but a hardy country girl, accustomed to all seasons, clement and inclement, and can bear heat, cold, sun, rain, and snow, with equal impunity."

"And you forget that you are no longer independent, but belong to me," he replied, with a smile. Then touching the letter before him, he continued—

"If I asked you to make some great sacrifice for my sake, what would be your answer?" She looked at him inquiringly, but without alarm.

"A real sacrifice, Hope; one that would go counter to all your inclinations."

"I hardly know how that could be."

"I won't entrap you into an unwary promise," said Piers. "I wish to let the manor for a few years, and have just received a very good offer for it."

Hope was surprised and disappointed also, but she endeavoured not to show her feelings.

"You like making sacrifices for the benefit of others," he said, with a significant smile. "You were once willing to make one for me that I did not require, nor appreciate; will you do less for me now that I ask it?"

Looking at him a little wistfully, she answered in the affirmative, but asked if she might not have some explanation of his unexpected proposition.

"The fullest I can give. A very few words will suffice," replied Piers. "You know that Ray did not make the provision for his widow which he promised, also, that from his expensive way of living, he has done nothing towards it, and that this circumstance was always a source of vexation to him, and of deep regret at the last. It is my desire to carry out his wishes as I have gathered them from his men of business. If we leave this place and live on a moderate scale somewhere else, it will soon be done, and I shall have the gratification of being something more to Ray than his accidental heir. We might remain here, it is true, live quietly and spread our economy over a few years, but that would not satisfy me. Life is uncertain. We see, also, what procrastination did in Ray's case. Besides, I have had enough of that," he added mournfully. "By my procrastination we never met; our hands were never again clasped in affection and friendship. My best consolation now is to perform his unfulfilled intentions. I mean to charge the estate with the interest of the ten thousand pounds destined for the widow, until that sum is vested in her name. Only so shall I ever be able to occupy this house without pain. I can let it very advantageously after Christmas. Do you consent, little woman?"

Hope, who had been listening with serious attention, clapped her hands, and exclaimed in a tone of triumph: "Never more taunt me with imagining myself to be better than you. I do not believe that I thought so even when you were as cross and sullen as a bear, but now I know that all such insinuations are false, for the good thought you are prepared to put into action never even entered my head."

The tête-à-tête dinner that evening was soon despatched, yet it seemed long before Blair, satisfied that every punctilio of his duty was accomplished, left the young couple to themselves and the dessert, the most snug and pleasant portion of the day in an English household, where love and mutual confidence prevail. Piers wheeled a large easy-chair before the bright blazing fire, and threw himself back in it with a very perceptible appreciation of the comforts of his hearth. Hope, hesitating between dignity and inclination, doubted whether to ensconce her small person in the large chair opposite her husband or to occupy the footstool at his side. The question was decided for her.

"Come here, little woman," said Piers, drawing her close to him. "I want to look at you as well as to hear you, while we talk over our future plans. Where shall we make our home for the two or three years that the manor is to be let?"

#### INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the maintenance of vast armaments by the chief nations of the world, it is a gratifying circumstance that the present and past generations have witnessed decided progress towards the peaceful settlement of international disputes, especially by means of Arbitration. This mode of terminating quarrels was suggested, several centuries ago, by Henry IV of France. The idea was subsequently revived by William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, by Bernardin de St. Pierre in France, by William Ladd in New England, and by other philanthropists. But during the present century it has definitely passed into the region of practical statesmanship.

In 1849, Mr. Cobden introduced a motion in its favour into the British Parliament, and although it was not carried it received seventy-nine votes. In 1853, the United States House of Representatives adopted the following resolution, on the recommendation of their Committee for Foreign Affairs:—"That the President of the United States be bound, whenever it may be practicable, to insert in all Treaties to be made in future with foreign nations, a clause having for its object to submit any dispute that may arise between the contending parties, to the decision of impartial Arbiters selected by mutual consent." In July, 1873, Mr. Henry Richard (M.P. for Merthyr Tydfil) introduced into the House of Commons a similar motion to that of Cobden, and this time it was carried by a majority of ten, the votes being 190 against, and 200 for it.

Mr. Richard speedily followed up this encouraging triumph by a journey through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and France, with the object of urging members of their respective Legislatures to follow his own example. So persuasive were his arguments (accompanied, as they were, by the influence of his practical success at home) that an important series of similar motions was soon brought forward in a number of Continental and American Parliaments, and in every instance with success. In Italy, the Parliament and Government adopted Signor Mancini's arbitration resolution with absolute unanimity, November, 1873. In March, 1874, the Lower Chamber of the Swedish Diet passed M. Jonassen's similar motion by seventy-

one votes against sixty-four. In June, 1874, both Houses of the American Legislature at Washington carried unanimously a resolution recommending arbitration to their own and other Governments. In December, 1874, the Second Chamber of Holland at the Hague adopted a like proposition brought in by M. Bredius and M. Van Eck. In January, 1875, the Belgian House of Deputies at Brussels carried a similar motion introduced by M. Couvreur and M. Thonissen, only two members dissenting. The Senate subsequently carried it unanimously. In March, 1875, Mr. Cameron introduced a motion for Arbitration in the Canadian Parliament. It was favourably received, but not pressed to a division. The same month the Danish Legislature also discussed the question.

Nor has the approval of this great principle been limited to mere verbal sanction. It has of late years been practically adopted, on many occasions, by different Governments, and to an extent of which the general public are probably but very partially informed.

Every one is familiar with the successful settlement, by a court of arbitration at Geneva (presided over by Count Sclopis, of Italy), of the long-standing American claims against Great Britain, on account of the destruction of their shipping by the Alabama privateer, which had been allowed to sail from the port of Liverpool. This mistake led to the award of a fine of three and a half millions sterling against Great Britain. Regarded on the lowest commercial grounds, it was a cheap price to pay for averting the bitter feelings of the American nation, which threatened to plunge both countries in a terrible war, whose cost in treasure alone would have been at least a hundred times more than the sum awarded as damages, and in addition to the loss of innumerable lives, had the conflict been permitted to ensue. In 1872, also, the King of Prussia, as arbitrator, settled another long-pending dispute between England and America, in reference to their mutual claims on the San Juan Island on the Pacific coast. About the same period a third dispute, relating to territory in North America, respecting which the Hudson's Bay Company had long felt themselves aggrieved, was finally settled by arbitration. Other boundary or similar disputes were previously, or subsequently, adjusted by various arbitrators, as between England and America in 1853, in reference to the Florida Bonds; between the United States and Chili in 1858, King Leopold of Belgium acting as umpire; between the United States and New Grenada, and the same and Costa Rica in 1860; between England and France, in relation to the Portendic claims respecting some territory in North Africa seized by the French. On this occasion King Leopold again acted as arbitrator. In 1868, some dangerous and intricate disputes between France and Prussia, concerning the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, were peacefully arranged through the exertions of Lord Clarendon and the present Lord Derby. In 1871, a dispute between the United States and Spain, in relation to Cuba, was referred to in the friendly arbitration of the Austrian ambassador at Washington.

The preceding cases refer to Christian nations claiming to be in the foremost rank in civilisation. But recent events have shown that the same pacific principle is also applicable even to partially civilised and non-Christian countries. For example, about two years ago a threatening quarrel between

Persia and Afghanistan, relating to their Seistan boundary, was amicably arranged by two British officers. In 1875, a bitter quarrel between the two Kings of Siam was also terminated by English mediation. And in November, 1874, the apparently inevitable outbreak of a war between China and Japan, on account of claims to the Island of Formosa, was prevented, at the eleventh hour, by the question between them being committed to the English ambassador at Peking, who made an award which was peacefully accepted by both parties.

During the past thirty years arbitration clauses, providing for a peaceful reference in cases of dispute, have been introduced into about a dozen Treaties concluded between the Governments of different nations.

It is not for a moment to be contended that Arbitration is likely to become a *panacea* for the prevention of all and every war. But, as in the instances above adduced, it may not unfrequently prevent wars by arresting international quarrels before they arrive at the final and ungovernable stage.

And it is a matter for encouragement and thankfulness that in many lands philanthropic societies and Christian men are seeking thus to obviate the horrors of war, by persevering efforts in favour of the general adoption of International Arbitration, and the preliminary codification of the at present very undefined and vague set of principles popularly known as "the Law of Nations." On the occasion of the Parliamentary debate on Mr. Henry Richard's motion above referred to, the Prime Minister said "he was fully convinced that there was reserved for this country a great and honourable destiny in connection with this subject." And he concluded with words which should be remembered by all those who are desirous of promoting, by their individual influence, the extension of "peace on earth and goodwill to man." "Great and desirable results," Mr. Gladstone, added, "in the mixed and chequered world in which we live, are only to be achieved by the patient and persevering use of rational means. And, if happily we adhere to the lessons of practical wisdom, sooner or later we shall not lose our reward, nor fail to see other nations walking in the same path."

#### UNDER CANVAS:

##### A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

x.

I LIKE the people best at a little distance, but still I wish I could talk to them sometimes. I meet such pretty girls, dressed in the regular hill dress, with little brown caps on their heads, which are far more becoming than the white sheets worn by most native women. For the last few days, besides the milk and vegetables with which they always come out to meet us, they have varied their presents by bringing us large baskets filled with most beautiful combs of honey. Every one hereabouts seems to keep bees, and the hives are both primitive and ingenious, being formed in the sides of the houses. A hole is made right through the wall, and left open on the outside, whilst the opening into the house is closed by a sliding panel. In this hole the bees live, and when any honey is wanted by the people, they push back the piece of wood, take out a comb, and shut it up again, leaving the front of the hive undisturbed.

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I have told you before how pretty the villages look, with their bright cactus hedges and shady fruit trees; but their beauty impresses us still more after having so lately been travelling through the wild country which leads up to the snows. There are quite gardens of wild flowers. Oleanders, my particular favourites, grow everywhere in profusion, and for the last day or two we have been particularly charmed by a large yellow creeper, which smells exactly like cowslips; perhaps it is because it brings home so vividly to our minds that we are all so enchanted with it. Major Francis has been looking out for ferns during the whole journey, and has now a very good collection; amongst the rest no less than seven varieties of maiden hair. The silver fern, too, is very common, and there are many other rare kinds which we have been very lucky in finding.

You must not, however, run away with the idea that because I am telling you all about the ferns and flowers, we are travelling just now through an uniformly rich and well cultivated country. It is only in the valleys and round the villages that one comes upon such garden-like places; sometimes our road leaves these far below, and winds away over bleak hills and past dangerous precipices, in a country which looks almost as wild as any that we have passed through. I sometimes wonder at my own indifference, whilst riding up and down places which even a month ago would have seemed most alarming; but at least for to-day this courage is gone, and we none of us can help a nervous creeping over us when the road looks at all dangerous. A dreadful accident nearly befell Mr. Henderson yesterday, which has effectually startled us out of our usual state of composure, and though, I am thankful to say, I did not actually see it happen, I feel as if it would take me some days to recover from the alarm.

Frank and I were riding on in front, when a sudden cry made us start and turn round—the smothered horror of it has haunted me ever since—and the blood seemed actually to freeze in my veins, when on looking back we saw one pony and one rider were missing out of the long cavalcade. We strained our eyes in vain; as the path just there was very narrow, and the precipice on one side went down hundreds of feet to the valley below, it seemed too certain that whoever had fallen over must be hopelessly and irretrievably lost. It was only for one moment, though it seemed to be ages, that that awful dread overpowered us; then we saw the other gentlemen fling themselves off their ponies, and in another second a re-assuring cry conveyed the welcome announcement of Mr. Henderson's safety to our ears. We could not turn back, so it was some time before we learnt exactly what had happened and fully realised his marvellous escape. It seems the pony had given a sudden start, slipped, and making a fruitless effort to recover himself, rolled helplessly over, with Mr. Henderson, as for one terrible moment every one believed, on his back. I cannot now understand how Mr. Henderson contrived it, but in the very act of falling he disengaged himself from the pony, clung with all his might to the rocky side of the path, and help being fortunately at hand, he was rescued before his own weight broke away the slight support to which he was clinging. The poor pony must have been killed, of course, and under any other circumstances I should have deeply lamented its fate.

Since we left Mary, Captain Graydon has kindly waited to escort me in the morning, for the other

gentlemen are always starting off at some extraordinary hour to shoot; so I stay comfortably behind till daybreak, and as we ride much faster than anybody else, we easily manage to arrive in good time for breakfast. When we are all together we keep at a steady walk, and I enjoy being left behind, to have the opportunity of a good canter. Captain Graydon, though he is nervous about me, and always implores me to be more careful, rides at a good pace when he is alone; and as the Doctor never stumbles, and I am pretty confident of my own powers (unless my courage suddenly fails me as it has done to-day), I have persuaded every one there is no danger in my cantering, and we ride along as fast as our ponies will carry us, though I am not allowed to go over perilous places in the reckless way Mary and I did when we were alone.

My private opinion is, that it is much more dangerous to walk than to ride; you can always depend upon your pony, whereas I am beginning to think you can never quite answer for your own steadiness of nerve. I am hardly ever giddy, but twice lately I have quite lost my head when I was on foot. The first time I felt uncomfortable was when I walked under the rock I described to you on our way to the glacier, though I soon got recovered from it; but the second occasion was much more unpleasant. I had been persuaded foolishly to get out of my dandy, because the back of it was rubbing against the rock on one side, while my feet were hanging over the precipice on the other; but I had no sooner accomplished, with the greatest difficulty, the feat of getting out, than I heartily repented of my rashness, and wished myself well in again. The road along which I had been going so calmly, now, when I was fairly standing on the ground, looked most alarming; and I especially despaired of ever getting round one corner, where the path seemed to dwindle away into nothing. However, as it was evident I could not manage to get into the dandy again, and there was no room for any one to walk beside me, it seemed no use to say anything, so on I went, my nervousness increasing with every step I took. At last, as I was just reaching the sharp bend in the road, I got so overpoweringly giddy that Major Francis, who was behind me, made the jambannies, who were a little in advance, pass him one end of the pole of the dandy, he cleverly extemporised a comfortable hand-rail, to which I clung till I had got over my fear of falling.

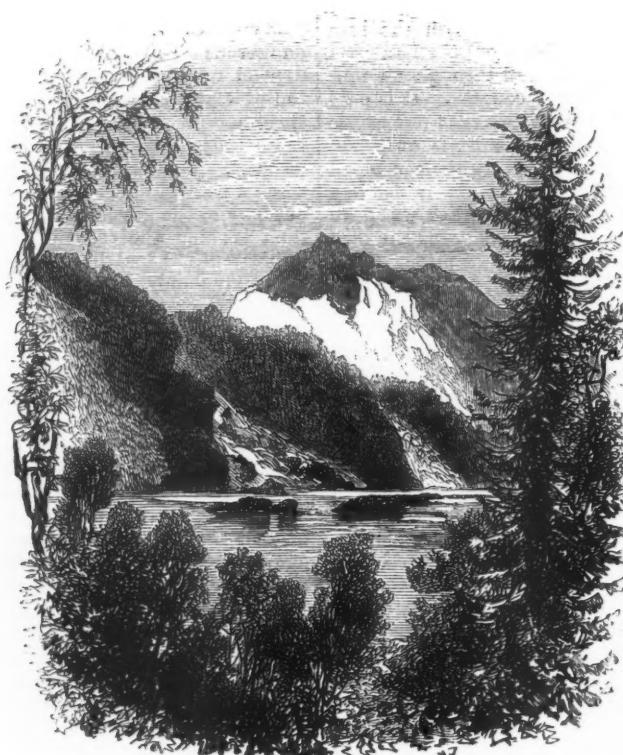
We shall stay over Sunday at Bagesur, which I am rather sorry for, as we find the days terribly hot when we are encamped down in a valley. It is exhausting weather, and one feels being exposed to the sun; moreover, as I cannot ride for two or three hours holding up a huge umbrella for shelter, my face has got so much scorched that, after all I have suffered from exposure to the cold, I begin to have serious doubts whether my complexion will ever recover from it. It does not much matter now, but I do not know what I shall look like when we return to civilised society.

Yesterday (Sunday) I distinguished myself by fainting away in the middle of the morning service, to the irrepressible consternation of the whole party of gentlemen. I was much vexed about it at first, feeling that I had irretrievably ruined my character, but now I cannot help being amused by the general horror at such an accident.

## UNDER CANVAS

The tableau which met my eyes when I began to recover consciousness, was very striking. The dufferi, in his bright blue coat, stood at my feet calmly staring at me. David was on one side, steadily pouring water over me from a large earthenware jar; Frank, on the other, dispensing a plentiful shower of hair wash (he had rushed into my tent, and seizing the only bottle on the table, had brought this back in triumph, concluding it must be Eau de Cologne). Mr. Williamson was supporting my head, and whilst all round me there seemed to be a confused mass of anxious faces, the group was completed by Major Francis, who was vainly endeavouring to make me drink a tumblerfull of sal volatile. Naturally my first impulse was to laugh, but I found this was very

—hardly understand the luxurious quiet in which I am writing. I miss the perpetual interruptions there must always be when one takes to scribbling, at all kinds of odd times, out of doors; and instead, I find the ordinary surroundings of civilised life very distracting. They strike me as something new, something I have never properly appreciated before; and it is with a pleasant feeling of surprise that I look up from my paper to glance round my pretty drawing-room, where every available corner is filled with flowers, turn over the new books and magazines which are lying temptingly near to my writing-table, or enjoy the bright wood fire blazing in the grate, which makes everything else look home-like and comfortable.



SCENE NEAR NYNEE TAL.

rash, for, simultaneously seized with the idea that I must be going into hysterics, every one reverted with such renewed energy to their several remedies, I was obliged in self-defence to keep quiet. David, in particular, deluged me with water so energetically that I began to think I should be drowned. They were all greatly relieved by my speedy recovery, but it is provoking to have done such a stupid thing at the very end of our journey.

Instead of returning, as we went, by Binsur, we have branched off from Bagesur into a different road, and encamping for to-night at Tackla, expect to reach Almorah to-morrow. This afternoon, therefore, has been devoted to a general patching and mending of our clothes, that our entry into this latter place may be as respectable as is possible under the circumstances.

*Nyne Tal, November 25th.*

Safe at home again! I can hardly realise the fact

I must be in an idle humour, I suppose, for I cannot collect my thoughts for writing; first of all, my attention is attracted by some movement out of doors, and my eye, straying through the glass doors, past the trellised verandah, out into the garden, is arrested by a lovely yellow rose-tree, drooping under the weight of its own flowers; that immediately entices me to abandon my journal whilst I go out and pick a tempting cluster. When I return, resolutely determined to resume my occupation, and settle down with my back to the garden, my thoughts wander away through the large bow-window, and I begin to speculate vaguely about the fleecy clouds I see travelling across the dark blue sky. How steadily they march, never lingering by the way, except sometimes to pay a visit to the tops of the highest hills, or perhaps to leave a little tired cloud behind, which rests contentedly for a few minutes till it gets weary of the solitude and stillness, then floats away,

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not hurrying, but with a lazy confidence that it will easily rejoin its former companions, and will not long be left to pursue its solitary journey. Or else, passing over the lake which I can just see gleaming below,



A HILL GIRL.

my eyes rest pleasantly on the dark wooded side of the opposite hill, which looks so refreshingly cool that I am seized with an irresistible longing to be there, and idly plan a holiday in the woods—another day in the open air, where at any rate we may imagine ourselves to be free, and dream we are encamping once more upon the farther side of Dakree Beneik.

Here in good time I am called to the realities of life, by the apparition of some scarlet-coated jannies. Their heads appear so suddenly above the verandah, you might imagine them to be gnomes coming up from the very centre of the earth. But no; they are bringing visitors who have climbed the hill up to our house, only to find that, in consideration of its being English mail day, "our gates," in Oriental phrase, "are shut," i.e., we are not at home. The interruption, however, has fortunately reminded me of how fast the time is passing, and I must set to work at once to finish the account of our adventures. "Fortunately reminded me," I say; for I am ashamed of rambling on in this disconnected fashion, and now I am going to be very strong-minded, and avoid all further distractions by shutting myself up in my own dark room, behind which the hill rises so perpendicularly there is no temptation to look out of the window.

We had a march of fifteen miles from Tackla to Almorah, the latter half of which Major Francis and I

made together, as he was in a hurry to arrive at the station, and I volunteered to accompany him. He rather doubted my capability of doing so at first, but I assured him there was nothing I liked better than a good canter; and so off we started, he leading the way, and I promised to follow him at whatever pace he liked, though I rather repented of this arrangement when I discovered what his idea of going fast really was. Up hill or down hill, over the roughest bits of road or round the sharpest corners, it was all one to Major Francis, he galloped steadily on whilst I followed breathlessly after, and we never drew rein until we entered the station of Almorah. Mr. Williamson declares he was never so frightened in his life as when he watched us flying down the first hill; and we certainly must have got over the ground very quickly, for we arrived an hour or two before the rest of the party.

I cannot tell you how I hated the first night spent in a house, but our stay at Almorah was a short one, as we left it again very early the next morning before



TRAVELLING BY DANDY.

our kind hosts were up. It had been settled that we were to sleep the following day at the Kirnah bungalow, half way between Almorah and Nynee Tal, but when once we started and knew ourselves to be so near home, our impatience prevented us from lingering any longer by the way, and we settled that we would ride the whole twenty-eight miles at a stretch. It does not sound much of a ride to you, perhaps, but in the hills it is thought an immense

distance; and as we were obliged to spare our ponies by riding slowly, it was getting late in the afternoon before we found ourselves at the foot of the Nynee Tal hills. There we met a lady and a gentleman *en route* for Almorah, acquaintances of ours, who to our amusement passed us without any sign of recognition. We could not be surprised, for who would think of looking for friends in the shabby, travel-stained cavalcade, which went winding half a mile along the dusty road? I wish you could have seen us as we climbed the last bit of the hills. Mr. Williamson, Colonel Marsey, and Major Francis, by far the most respectable-looking members of the party, were well in front, ponies as well as riders looking hot and tired. Captain Graydon occupied a middle place in the procession, and had still energy enough left to look back and laugh at the general appearance of his fellow-travellers, who formed the great rear-guard. First came Mr. Henderson, returning in great triumph with a stuffed animal under each arm, as trophies of the chase; then myself (in neatly-patched cloth dress, hat pulled well down over my chin and securely fastened round the neck by a large green veil), on the Doctor, whose bright yellow coat gave a light colour to the scene; two others, with large alpenstocks and larger hats, walked wearily by my side; whilst some one clung to my pony's tail, and made me stop now and then to give him time to take breath and to make another fruitless struggle to arrange his shoes. Sad to say, his boots have given way entirely, and this last march has had to be performed in a pair of native shoes, borrowed from the brit-mutghar. David and another lagged far behind, ashamed, as I told them, of the state of their clothes, though their tatters did not seem to have much effect on their spirits. They were both ragged enough, but I do wish you could have a picture of David in his picturesque untidiness, his coat so patched with different stuffs that its original colour was unrecognisable; his pink stockings; his white handkerchief (still kept carefully folded round his neck) looking comically out of place with the general dustiness of his dress; and, above all, his three hats—the broken brim of a black felt one hanging down like a patch over one eye, and giving the finishing touch to the disreputableness of his appearance. Perhaps it was as well that no one recognised us.

There is really nothing more to tell about our doings; though now our journey has come to an end, I like to linger over it all. We were very tired before we reached Nynee Tal, though the last few miles of the way were brightened by the pleasure of reaching home, and the thought of the surprise our unexpected return would cause there. Indeed, when we arrived at last at our own door, I was too much exhausted to move, and had positively to be lifted off my pony, but a good night's rest, undisturbed by the fear of oversleeping myself, has quite restored me.

I would willingly agree to any amount of early rising, however, if I could only find myself back in the pleasant camp-life, which is already beginning to seem quite a thing of the past. I cannot tell you how sorry we were to break up our party, nor how heartily we wished that we could make time travel backwards, and find ourselves once more just starting upon our journey. It is difficult to believe it is all over; the few hardships—there were very few, I must say—seem all to have melted away; even the serious misfortune of Mary's illness is beginning to be forgotten

in the good accounts we get of her recovery, and I hope we may soon see her safe at Nynee Tal, as we hear she has regained so much of her strength she is already following us by easy stages. Looking back, therefore, nothing remains but pleasant recollections of the long day in the open air, the quiet evenings passed in lazy comfort round a blazing bonfire, the adventures which seemed so amusing to ourselves at any rate, the general feeling of freedom which perhaps was one of the chief attractions of the whole trip. I say nothing of the grand scenery we have travelled through; I am afraid my journal will give you a very imperfect idea of that; but the different pictures, the gorgeous sunsets, the mist, the cloud, and, above all, the snows, seen in every aspect of storm and sunshine, are all fixed so clearly in my mind, that I cannot consider them entirely past. They are laid up as a store of beautiful memories for the rest of my life, and will come back to me like fairy dreams, enabling me to realise better than I have ever done before, the mingled grandeur and loveliness that there is in the world.

#### THE BY-PATHS OF MUSICAL HISTORY.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

##### VI.—THE FATHERS OF THE PIANOFORTE.

SOME twelve or thirteen years after the commencement of the seventeenth century, in the reign of our first James, there appeared in London a thin folio volume entitled "Parthenia, or the First Musick that ever was printed for the Virginals." This interesting work, now of great rarity, was entirely engraved on copper plates, the art of music-printing not being sufficiently advanced to produce it in any other way. The engraver was William Hole, well known for his portraits and frontispieces, and it was published at the expense of a Mistress Dorothy Evans, who advertises the fact at the foot of the beautifully-engraved title-page. (The virginal, as we have explained in a previous article, was the pianoforte of the day—an instrument with stretched strings of different lengths, and a keyboard played upon in an exactly similar way to our favourite household instrument.) The book was dedicated by the engraver to Frederick, Elector Palatine, and his betrothed lady, Elizabeth, "the only daughter of my lord the King;" so that it must have been published before the marriage of these princes in 1613. It consists of twenty-one pieces—Preludes, Pavans, Galliards, and Fantasias, arranged in the most skilful style by "three famous masters," William Byrd, Dr. John Bull, and Orlando Gibbons; and it is of these eminent musicians that we intend giving some account. Our slight notices will be the more valued when we take into consideration that their music is still performed and esteemed by the greatest musicians of our age. Indeed, they are always looked upon as the "Fathers of the Pianoforte."

It is extraordinary how little we really know of the musicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The dates of birth and decease are sometimes wanting. The facts of their appointments to certain offices, and the dates of publications, are attainable; but of their social or everyday life we know almost nothing. It is only by diligent search in out-of-the-way places, and by carefully reading up cotemporary authors, that we are sometimes enabled to give a little life to our pictures.

William Byrd is supposed to have been the son of Thomas Byrd, one of the gentlemen of Edward VI's chapel. He was brought up a choir boy of the cathedral of St. Paul, where he was senior chorister in 1554. He studied music diligently under the celebrated Tallis, and in the year 1563 received the appointment of organist of Lincoln Cathedral. Here he continued for six years, when, upon the accidental death of Robert Parsons, who was drowned at Newark-upon-Trent, he obtained his place as one of the gentlemen of the royal chapel. A desire to settle in the metropolis probably influenced Byrd to make the change. It is certain that his mind was too busy a one to rest long contented in a comparatively small cathedral city like Lincoln. Once in London, we find him active in his duties to promote the progress of music. He soon became one of the organists of Elizabeth's chapel, and acquired considerable fame as a performer. Dr. Burney, speaking of Byrd and his master, Tallis, says: "Indeed both must have been great performers on the organ to have been able to play such of their pieces for that instrument as are still preserved; in which the passages, though awkward to performers who are only accustomed to modern music, must have been suggested by hands which were habituated to the complicated, and now almost invincible difficulties of the sixteenth century. And though the compositions for keyed instruments by these great masters of harmony are totally unimpassioned, and without grace, it is impossible not to regard their ingenuity and contrivance in the texture of the parts without respect and wonder."

Byrd took a prominent part in the spread of madrigal singing, and aided it materially by his compositions. It is impossible in a short paper like this even to give a glance at his many works. They consist of madrigals, sonnets, songs, motets, anthems, church services, and organ and virginal pieces, the mere list of which would fill many pages. Of some of these we have given an account in a previous paper of our series ("Our Old Madrigal Composers"), and we supplement it by the following "reasons," found at the back of the title-page of his "Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs," 1588:—

"Reasons briefly set down by the author, to persuade every one to learn to sing.

"1st. It is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scoller.

"2nd. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

"3rd. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

"4th. It is a singular good remedie for a stutting and stammering in the speech.

"5th. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

"6th. It is the only way to know where Nature hath bestowed a good voyce; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature.

"7th. There is not any musick of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men; where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

"8th. The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that ende.

*"Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*

"Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing."

Byrd was no quiet plodder, he entered into his subject with heart and soul. These quaint and sensible remarks are well worth our consideration at the present time, when so much attention is being given to the subject of vocal tuition.

From the "Cheque Book, or Book of Remembrance of the Chapel Royal," we learn that Byrd died on the 4th of July, 1623, and in the record of the event he is styled "a Father of Musick," probably in allusion to his age and his length of service. If he was sixteen when his name appears as senior chorister of St. Paul's in 1554, he must have been eighty-five years old when he died. Thomas Tomkins (who was his scholar), in his "Songs of 3, 4, 5, and 6 parts," 1622, speaks of his "ancient and much reverenced master."

Byrd resided, at the end of the sixteenth century, in the parish of St. Helen, Bishopsgate. He was married and had a family, as we learn from the registers of his parish church. One son, Thomas, was educated to the profession, but he made no name.

Although outwardly conforming to the established religion, Byrd is supposed to have been a Romanist at heart. Some very curious particulars bearing upon this point have lately come to light. In a list of places frequented by certain recusants in and about London, under date 1581, is the following entry: "Wyll'm Byrd of the Chappelle, at his house, in parische of Harlington in com. Middlesex." In another entry he is set down as "a friend and abettor of those beyond the seas," and is said to be residing "with Mr. Lister, over against St. Dunstan's, or at the Lord Padgett's house at Draughton." In the proceedings in the Archdeaconry of Essex, May 11, 1605, "William Birde, gentleman of the King's Majesties Chapell," is "presented for Popish practices," but what was his sentence does not appear, as he was in hiding at the time.

Before taking leave of this venerable musician we cannot refrain from giving a specimen of his "piano-forte" writing. It is an old dance-melody harmonised in character with the subject. The upper part in the bass (*i.e.*, the tenor) cleverly represents the prancing of the hobby-horse, a well-known attendant in the old morris dance. With its numerous variations, "Sellenger's round" was a great favourite with the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, and we have often heard him play it with a gusto almost amounting to enthusiasm.

"SELLINGER'S ROUND."

*Lively.*

Harmonized by BYRD.



John Bull was a Somersetshire man, born, it is supposed, about 1563. He was educated in the royal chapel, and promoted to be organist and master of the children of Hereford Cathedral. Like his brother organist, Byrd, he soon became tired of a monotony so ill suited to his abilities, and came to London, where he eventually became one of the organists of Elizabeth's chapel. He studied the science of counterpoint with such success that his name became famous. In 1586 he took his degree of bachelor in music at Oxford, and six years after that of doctor. In the year of his doctorate, at Queen Elizabeth's recommendation, he was elected professor in the newly-founded college of Sir Thomas Gresham. In 1601 Dr. Bull went abroad, it is said for the recovery of his health, and travelled incognito through France and Germany. Wood tells a story, which may or may not be true, of a feat performed by him while on the continent, to the following effect: "Dr. Bull, hearing of a famous musician belonging to a certain cathedral at St. Omer, he applied himself as a novice to him to learn something of his faculty, and to see and admire his works. This musician, after some discourse had passed between them, conducted Bull to a vestry or music-school adjoining to the cathedral, and showed him a lesson or song of forty parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part to them, supposing it to be so complete and full that it was impossible for any man to correct or add to it. Bull, desiring the use of pen, ink, and ruled paper, prayed the musician to lock him up in the said school for two or three hours, which being done, not without great disdain by the musician, Bull in that time, or less, added *forty more*

parts to the said lesson or song. The musician thereupon being called in, he viewed it, tried it, and retried it; at length he burst into a great ecstasy and declared that he who had added those forty parts must either be the *arch-fiend himself* or Dr. Bull. Whereupon Bull, making himself known, the musician fell down and adored him. Afterwards continuing in these parts for a time, Bull became so much admired that he was courted to accept of any place or preferment suitable to his profession, either within the dominions of the Emperor, the King of France, or of Spain, but the tidings of these transactions coming to the English Court, Queen Elizabeth commanded him home." Accordingly Bull returned to his own country and continued his duties in the royal chapel until the death of her Majesty.

Upon the accession of James to the throne of England Bull retained his appointments and was greatly patronised by the King and Court. On the 16th of July, 1607, the King and Prince Henry were invited to dine with the Merchant Taylors' Company, and while his Majesty was at table, according to Stow, "John Bull, doctor of musique, one of the organists of his Majesties chapel royall, and free of the Merchant-taylors, beeing in a citizen's gowne, cappe, and hood, played most excellent melody upon a small payre of organes placed there for that purpose onley." It was upon this occasion, it is supposed, that the National Anthem was first introduced, and the idea receives some support from the fact of an old ms., still existing, with a tune of Dr. Bull's very similar to our "God save the Queen." This tune will be an interesting illustration of our paper:—

#### "AYRE."

(The origin of "God save the Queen.") DR. BULL.

Bull accepted service in the establishment of Prince Henry, and in 1611 we find him receiving a salary of forty pounds per annum—no inconsiderable sum in those days—for very trifling duties. However, he was discontented, and we learn that in

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1613 "John Bull, doctor of musick, went beyond the seas, without licence, and was admitted into the Archduke's service." No valid reason can be assigned for his leaving England, but it seems, from papers recently discovered, that he had been preparing for this step for some months previous to his departure.

The subsequent life of this old musician has been hitherto simple conjecture, but we now know (from information procured on the continent) that Bull finally settled at Antwerp, and became organist of the cathedral of that city. He was appointed in 1617, in the place of Rumold Waebrant, a well-known Flemish musician. He lived in a small house adjoining the cathedral, on the side of the Place Verte, where he died on the 13th of March, 1628.

Bull was not a voluminous composer like Byrd. He printed no work of his own, but frequently contributed to the compilation of others. He wrote much for the virginals, and a list of his MSS. may be seen in Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors." His portrait, an oil painting on panel, is still preserved in the Music School at Oxford. Round the four sides of the frame is this homely distich:—

"The Bull by force in field doth raigne;  
But Bull by skill good will doth gayne."

Orlando Gibbons, the last of this gifted trio, is called by Wood "one of the rarest musicians and organists of his time," to which may be added, also, one of the finest musical geniuses that ever lived. He was born at Cambridge in 1583, and, in all probability, was the son of William Gibbons, one of the city waits. We know nothing of his early education; but he was probably brought up in one of the Cambridge choirs. He was admitted a gentleman of the royal chapel in 1605, and took his degree as bachelor of music at Cambridge in the year following. Many years after, in 1622, he was created doctor in his faculty at Oxford. He married, in 1606, the daughter of John Patten, a yeoman of the royal chapel, by whom he had a large family, one member of which, Christopher, acquired some fame in his father's profession in after times.

In 1623 Gibbons was chosen organist of Westminster Abbey, an honoured post that had been filled by a long list of eminent musicians since the Reformation, and it is presumed that some of his finest anthems were written for this establishment. Gibbons stands pre-eminent for his church compositions. Dr. Tudway says of them: "They are the most perfect pieces of church music which have appeared since the days of Tallis and Byrd; the air so solemn, the fugues and other embellishments so just and naturally taken, as must warm the heart of any one who is indued with a soul fitted for divine rapture."

Gibbons is equally celebrated for his secular compositions. His madrigals and his fantasias for viols are among the treasures of musical art—a little dimmed by time, perhaps, as regards the general hearer, but always fresh and attractive to the musician.

He was patronised by Sir Christopher Hatton (a nephew of the Lord Chancellor), the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Somerset, and by many others of the nobility, for whom he wrote many works still existing in MS.

Gibbons resided in the Long Wool-staple, Westminster, which was situated on the site of the present Bridge Street, and his house was the resort of all the

principal musicians of the metropolis. He was social in his habits and somewhat of a wit. When Prince Charles returned from his unfortunate trip to Spain, his reception in London was one of such warmth and enthusiasm that had seldom been exceeded on similar occasions. Gibbons, in a loyal mood, called the gentlemen and children of the royal chapel together, and gave them the following merry round to sing, which he had written and composed on the occasion. We give the words from the original MS., never before quoted:—

"Orlando was his name that first did make this same  
In honour of his highnesse coming out of Spaine;  
The prince is now come home with honour and with fame,  
Who ventured his life to win a glorious name.  
Long may he live and see good dayes,  
That we may sing him roundelayes;  
Go call on all the quire and with a cheerful voice  
Give thanks unto our God that heares both men and boyes."

The end of poor Gibbons was a sad one. Wood tells us that, "being commanded to Canterbury to attend the nuptials between King Charles I and Henrietta Maria, a daughter of the King of France (in order to which he had made vocal and instrumental compositions), he died there of the small-pox, to the great reluctance of the Court, on the day of Pentecost, an. 1625. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, and his widow erected over his grave a monument with a bust. This memorial of the great musician is now in a sadly dilapidated state; the inscription can scarcely be read, and the bust has been so mutilated as to destroy all likeness. This is perhaps the less to be deplored, as an engraving of it exists in Dart's "History of Canterbury Cathedral."

Such is a very brief outline of three eminent men who flourished at a time when the art of playing keyed stringed instruments was in its childhood; men who could have had no conception of what the art would arrive at; men who could form no idea that the rude instrument for which they composed could possibly ever develop itself into the magnificent "grand" of the nineteenth century! Yet they saw clearly that something was to be accomplished, and with the means at their disposal what wonders have they not achieved! Surely then we must respect and esteem the memories of men who thought as they thought, who wrote as they wrote, and we cannot refuse them the proud distinction of being "The Fathers of the Pianoforte," although the instrument itself belongs to a later era.

#### ARAUCANIA.

IT is probable that some of our readers have never heard of Araucania, or at least know little of the character of the country and of its inhabitants. It is, nevertheless, a country of some considerable importance. It is situated to the south of Chili; its length is about two hundred miles, its breadth one hundred. For nearly three hundred years the Araucanians maintained a proud independence amongst the complete humiliation of almost all the native races of South America; and the manner in which that independence was maintained extorted admiration from the Spaniards themselves, one of whom has thought Araucania a fit subject for an epic poem.

Mr. Froude says that "the war of freedom of the Araucanian Indians is the most gallant episode in the history of the New World."

The empire of the Incas was at the time of the Spanish conquest still of very recent origin. Springing into existence some two hundred years earlier, it had spread north and south till its limits corresponded approximately to those of the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. On the southern verge of this empire was situated a state that had preserved its freedom, though its northern neighbours had submitted to the yoke of the Incas. That state was Araucania.

Until the conquest of Peru was consummated, Araucania did not come into collision with the Spaniards. On one occasion, however, a meeting nearly occurred. The Spanish chief, Almagro, having penetrated through the Cordilleras, marched into Chili, and a portion of his troops reached the River Maule, the southern boundary of the Peruvian empire. At this point they stopped, but the story of their strength, their cruelty, and their lust for gold had advanced much farther. The Araucanians immediately closed their gold mines, avowing the most profound contempt for that metal, since they saw of what evils it was the origin. But it was not long before they were to encounter the Spaniards. It was not likely that the European settlers would not covet the territory of the Araucanians, rich in mineral and vegetable wealth; it was not likely that the conquerors of Peru would pause long before a state of such comparative weakness as Arauco. Nor did they. But the Araucanians, though frequently defeated, were never conquered, and the Spanish losses were as heavy as the Indian.

The wars were conducted with much cruelty. They generally began by the Spanish disciplined troops entering the Indian territory and possessing themselves of the capital, Arauco, and other towns, but ere long they were always forced to retire before the bravery and numbers of the Indians, who in their turn entered and laid waste the Chilian frontier, drove off the cattle, and dispersed the inhabitants, acting pretty much as our borderers of old.

The institutions of Araucania are said to resemble in some respects those that flourished in Peru under the Incas. The country is divided into districts, each of which is governed by a chief. These districts are subdivided, and each of the subdivisions is under a minor chief, who is responsible to his superior for the government of his territory. The great chiefs form a kind of council for national affairs. The criminal jurisprudence is simple and almost rude. There is no standing army, but every able-bodied man is a soldier from the time when he can first bear arms, and a considerable force can therefore be collected at very short notice. Their religion is superior to that of the Incas, since they acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, believe in a future state, and in the immortality of the soul. Here also, as in Mexico, the legend of a great deluge is preserved, from which only a few people escaped by climbing to the top of a lofty mountain.

The chief town, Arauco, is perhaps the smallest capital in the world, which is probably owing to the frequency with which it has been burnt down. It consists of some sixty houses, enclosed in a square whose sides are about three hundred yards long, the whole enclosed by a wall of considerable thickness,

twelve feet high, and supported at intervals by towers. Though insignificant in size, its numerous and bloody sieges have caused it to be celebrated by the Spaniards in prose and verse. The country around is beautifully diversified by hill and vale, and well-wooded.\* The greater part of the country along the sea-coast is of a similar character, but towards the east the ground rises in the direction of the Andes, which form the boundary of Araucania on that side. The slopes of these mountains are clothed with verdure, while their summits are wrapped in eternal snow, the general appearance being not unlike the scenery of Oregon.

The inhabitants subsist chiefly on cereals, potatoes, however, being a considerable article of food. Physically, they are a powerful race, being well made and having great powers of endurance. They also possess large herds of cattle and droves of horses, both of which animals they have obtained from the Spanish settlers. They also possess flocks of guanacos, an animal indigenous to South America, and which formed a considerable portion of the Incas' wealth, who turned it to many uses, even availing themselves of it as a beast of burden. It has been tersely described as having "the neigh of a horse, the wool of a sheep, the neck of a camel, and the feet of a deer." A species of ostrich is also found in Araucania, and as far south as the north-east of Terra del Fuego. It is generally hunted on horseback with the bola, a rope with two balls at the ends, which is thrown round the bird's legs, disabling it and allowing it to be captured.

Their virtues and vices are those of semi-savage nations. Brave, hospitable, and truthful, they are boastful, and drunkenness is far from uncommon. Sir Francis Head, fifty years ago, thought that a league formed by the Araucanians and the Pampas Indians would be sufficiently powerful to overthrow any of the young republics around them. The increased strength of these states, and the improved fire-arms of to-day, render such a result now improbable, and it is more likely that the Araucanians may, like so many other South American races, be blended with the European colonists.

Araucania is now nominally an appendage of the republic of Chili. It comprises the country lying between  $37^{\circ}$  and  $39^{\circ} 50'$  S. lat., the Andes forming its eastern and the Pacific Ocean its western limits. The few travellers who have visited it speak very highly of the natives, all of whom are inured to the use of arms. They remained absolutely free till the year 1859, when a French gentleman, M. de Tonnerre, who had made a lengthened stay in the country, and had gained the goodwill of a portion of the Araucanians, proclaimed himself sovereign, under the high-sounding title of "King Aurelius Antonius I." This caused a commotion throughout the land, and his opponents called in the aid of Chilian troops, who defeated the pretender and took him prisoner, at the same time nominally annexing Araucania to Chili.† "Aurelius Antonius" was afterwards set at liberty, and returned to Paris. We believe that his claims are not generally admitted by the representatives of other decayed monarchies.

The government of the country, as far as we can

\* The Chili pine (*Araucaria imbricata*) was introduced to Europe in 1794 by Archibald Menzies, surgeon and botanist in Vancouver's voyage.

† We hear that the Chilian soldiers committed great atrocities, and although they hold the chief part of the country, the surviving natives can with difficulty be reached in their mountain fastnesses.

glean, virtually remains in the hands of the natives, who sustain their toquis, or chiefs; the country being divided into four tetrarchies, viz., the maritime country, interior plains, country at the foot of the Andes, and the Andes highlands. It is principally a pastoral region, the wealth of the natives consisting of flocks and herds of guanacos, oxen, and horses. The former animal is common to the whole of South America, and is briefly described in Captain Musters' recent work as having "the neigh of a horse, the wool of a sheep, the neck of a camel, and the feet of a deer." The ostrich is also a very common bird, and invaluable to the Indians, the feathers, meat, grease, and sinews being all utilised. Agriculture is not neglected; wheat, barley, several varieties of Indian corn, beans, capsicum, and many fruits are cultivated. The existence of gold mines in this region is mentioned by several travellers.

The religion of the Araucanians is simple. They recognise a Supreme Being called Pillian, and two subordinate deities—Meulen, the spirit of good, the friend of man; and Weneuba, the spirit of evil, and his enemy. They have a genius of war and other subordinate genii, but have neither places of worship, idols, nor religious rites. "The belief of a future state . . . is universal among the Indians of South America. The Araucanians agree with the rest in expecting an eternal residence in a beautiful country. . . . They believe that the soul will enjoy the same privileges in a separate state which it possessed whilst united to the body. Thus the husband will have his wives (they are polygamists), but without any spiritual progeny. . . . Like the ancients, they have their ferryman, or rather ferry-woman, Tempulagy, to transport them thither."

Stevenson, from whom the above extract is taken, cites many interesting manners and customs. When an Indian becomes enamoured of a girl, he informs her father, and if he is accepted, she is purposely sent on a pretended errand. The bridegroom, with some of his friends, is secreted on the route she takes, and on her approach he seizes her and carries her to his house, where not unfrequently the bridal guests have already arrived with their presents of horses, maize, ponchos, etc. The ceremony is concluded by the whole party drinking to excess. On the death of an individual a kind of "wake" is kept up for two or three days; if a man, he is buried with his arms, and if a female, with her utensils. In both cases food is placed in the grave to support them on the journey to the unknown world. The Indians always attribute death to witchcraft, and if the divinations of the sorcerers point to particular individuals, the unfortunate ones are some fine morning "found missing." They are very superstitious, and "tremble at the sight of an owl." They are "scrupulous not to commence a meal without first throwing broth or a small piece of meat on the ground, at the same time muttering a charm."

Captain Musters' work on the Patagonians also contains some interesting notes on the southern Araucanians. He found them of "most civilised appearance," and "bold, honest bearing," and gives an account of a peaceful meeting between them and the Tehuelches, or Patagonians, with whom he was in company, where horse-racing, visiting, feasting, and dancing occupied their time. The Araucanians have a decided abhorrence for the Spaniards, but are, as Musters avers, very favourably inclined towards Englishmen.

We have much pleasure in adding that the attention of the South American Missionary Society has lately been directed to the Araucanians. That society established a chaplaincy some years ago at Lota, Chili, to which the Rev. Allen Gardiner was appointed, son of the lamented Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., who died with his comrades of starvation on the shores of Terra del Fuego. A new chaplain is now at Lota, where, and at Puchoco, are many English engaged in the copper and coal mines. At Carovel, not far off, numerous steamers now stop to coal. Through this influx of English we are sure to learn much more of the Araucanians, the slight information concerning whom has often been remarked with surprise, as the country is so accessible. The hostility between them and the Chilians has been the chief barrier to intercourse with them. But they have already found out that the English desire to establish peaceful relations. A Christian catechist, Mr. Keller, travelled among them, and was most kindly received. He now resides among them, with Mrs. Keller, the influence of whose amiable character has told upon the heathen women. Some of the chiefs have sent their sons to the mission school. Mr. Keller's friendly natives are chiefly in the north-west of the country. From Lebu along the coast up to the highlands are several Roman Catholic stations, the Jesuit priests connected with which are trying to disparage the Lota mission as foreign and evil. Mr. Keller says that the population is estimated at 22,000, but there are no trustworthy data. A more important statement is that all the Indians of the Pampas speak the same dialect as the Araucanians. We hope that through the South American mission much good may be done among this interesting people.

## Varieties.

**IRELAND.**—The annual report of Dr. Hancock shows that the aggregate of savings invested in Ireland, in Government Funds, joint-stock banks, and savings banks, shows an increase in the year of £2,300,000, raising the amount in 1874 to £69,200,000. In 1864 it was only £54,888,000. In joint-stock banks alone deposits and cash balances show an increase in the year of £2,524,000, raising the amount in 1874 to £31,734,000. In 1864 it was only £15,623,000. The savings banks' deposits show an increase in the year of £72,000, the whole amount being £2,911,000. In 1864 it was only £2,159,000. The increase would have been £128,000, but for the withdrawal last summer of a sum of £56,302 during a panic, which has since subsided, and public confidence is now restored. In Government and Indian Funds at the Bank of Ireland there has been a decrease of £293,000, arising from trustees being allowed, in modern settlements, to invest in railway securities and from capitalists investing in foreign bonds.

**LACE.**—The extravagant price paid for some kinds of lace is easily understood when it is known how difficult and slow is the process of manufacture. For Valenciennes made at Ypres £80 per mètre is paid, but the lace-maker, working twelve hours a day, can only produce one-third of an inch in a week. Every piece of Alençon point passes through the hands of twelve workwomen. The best Brussels thread is spun in cells underground because the dry air above would cause the thread to snap. Upon the worker as she sits in the dark is directed one ray of light, but the thread is so fine that her delicate fingers are better guides than her eyes. Very many soon lose their sight, and the high pay the lace-worker earns is proportionate to the acknowledged unhealthiness of the occupation. The handspun thread made at Brussels of flax of Brabant costs

before it is yet made up into lace £240 per pound, and the process of manufacture more than doubles the value. Old lace is more variable in price, and some of it can be counterfeited by imitations. Of some varieties, however, the secret is lost, as of point d'Argentan, which continued to be made upon the banks of the Orne till the French Revolution stopped the demand for a time, and gave the peasants other means of earning their bread.—“*Ancient Needle-point and Pillow Lace*,” by Allan S. Cole.

**CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY IN RELATION TO THE POOR-LAW SYSTEM.**—The relations of the society with the poor-law illustrate its working. The aim of the society is to bring about a division of work between charity and the poor-law, on the principle that charity should direct its efforts primarily to assisting those whose character and circumstances render it probable that their position can be effectually and permanently improved, and should for the most part leave those whose distress, either from their own habits or from the nature of the case, does not admit of cure, to the relief provided for them by law. It is an essential difference between charity and the poor-law that the former can direct its energies to preventive and remedial action. As the poor-law is bound to give necessary assistance to *all destitute* persons, charity is only doing the work of the law if it takes up such cases without special reason. In the case of the persons spoken of above, “whose character and circumstances render it probable that their position can be effectually and permanently improved,” this special reason is found in their need of such preventive or remedial action as has been referred to. If they are receiving poor-law relief, charity may be able by a judicious loan or grant to restore them to independence, when it would be illegal for the guardians to try such an experiment; and, if they are not receiving it, the interposition of charity at the right moment may save them from having to apply for it. It is necessary to leave persons of incorrigibly bad character to the poor-law, (1) because assistance is in most cases thrown away on them; (2) because assisting them tends to encourage misconduct. The latter reason applies to persons of improvident habits as much as to those who have misconducted themselves in other ways. Chronic cases, even though deserving, are left to the poor-law on a somewhat different ground, viz., that no assistance short of a pension will effectually meet their requirements, and that such assistance is outside the scope of a subscription charity; when an individual or a special charity is prepared to give it, the committees gladly facilitate such an arrangement. The committees (unless under some very exceptional circumstances) do not supplement parish relief, as supplementation has an inevitable tendency to relieve the poor-law authorities of responsibility, and to diminish the allowances which they give. It is plain that the society will do more good in the long run by urging the proper agency to do its own work thoroughly than by attempting directly to supply deficiencies. Friendly communication is kept up in several ways with the administrators of the poor-law.

**BIBLE STUDY.**—Anything to induce men to read the Bible with attention. One chief cause of our present painful position is the ignorance of Scripture in which English gentlemen, even first-class men in our Universities, have been educated.—*Hugh McNeile, Dean of Ripon.*

**RIPON CURFEW HORN.**—In October last, having finished my official work at the Town Hall, Ripon, I took the opportunity of inspecting the celebrated relic of antiquity, the Ripon horn. We found the horn-blower living in a little house down a court, not far from the Unicorn Hotel. His name is Simmons. He has been horn-blower for thirty-three years, and his father was horn-blower before him for thirty years. He always walks bearing his horn in front of the mayor when the mayor and corporation attend church. The horn is a common cow's horn (with a metal mouthpiece), curved in shape, measuring three feet six inches long. It is carried by means of a leathern strap across the bend of it. At nine o'clock every night the horn-blower goes with his horn to the door of the mayor, and blows three long blasts—rather a dismal but yet musical sound. He also gives one blast at the market cross. In former times the mayor was called “The Wakeman,” and the blowing of the horn, I believe, indicates two things: first of all, it answers the purpose of a “curfew” (there is a fine old curfew in the museum at Canterbury), and at its sounding in former times people were obliged to put out their fires—a wise precaution, considering the carpets were rushes and the houses were built of wood. It also indicates the watch-setting, and the law in Saxon times

was something to this effect:—“If anybody after horn-blowing or watch-setting was robbed on the gate-syd within the town, the wakeman was bound to compensate the loss if it was proved that he ‘and his servants did not their duties at yt time.’” The horn in Simmons's possession is not the original horn. This is kept at the house of the mayor. I called upon the mayor and asked him to be allowed to examine it, which his son, in his absence, kindly permitted. This ancient horn is not blown; it is handsomely mounted, and fastened on to a black velvet scarf, which is worn on the shoulders. At the juncture of the scarf with the horn are silver models of a miniature spur and crossbow. On the horn is this inscription:—“Antiquis et honorem et premia possi—I cannot quite construe this)—Vetustate lapsum restituit.—J. Aisellbie, ARM, 1703.” On the lower part—“This horn was again restored, 1854, H. Morton, Mayor.” Attached to the velvet scarf are several silver plates. Every mayor on resigning office adds, or is supposed to add, a silver plate. I made a note of some of the dates, as follows:—1593, 1570, 1595, 1602, 1658. Some of the coats-of-arms and bosses are shaped like a sailor's hat; several, also, are curious antique shapes. I was informed that the oldest badges are those of a wakeman who lived in the time of Henry VIII, the name of one, Gayscar, wakeman in 1520, being marked especially. The name of wakeman was exchanged for that of mayor in 1604. Hugh Ripley was the last wakeman, and the first mayor. In former times, Ripon was famous for the manufacture of crossbows and spurs. Ben Jonson says, “As true as Ripon rowels.” “There is an angel if my spurs be not right Ripon.” “Whip me with wire-beaded rowels of sharp Ripon spurs.” By the kindness of a gentleman who was accidentally present, I was enabled to examine a specimen of a real Ripon spur. The rowel was so ingeniously placed that the sharp points of the star of which it is composed would not show themselves unless pressed against something. This effect was produced by a most ingenious guard. Ripon was also celebrated for some centuries for making saddletrees and crossbows. In 1863 I had an opportunity of examining this Ripon horn, and published an account of it in the “Queen.” Mr. Wm. Harrison, then editor of the “Ripon and Richmond Chronicle,” told me that the horn itself is certainly of a date not later than the Conquest; that its form is true Saxon, and that there is another such shaped horn, made of ivory, preserved in the vestry of York Cathedral. This is the horn of Ulphas, who was prince of the western parts of Deira. The Pusey Horn is of the same peculiar elongated shape as the horns of York and Ripon, and illuminations in Saxon manuscripts frequently give representations of horns shaped like those at Ripon and York.—*Frank Buckland, in “Land and Water.”*

**PEARL OYSTER OF TORRES STRAITS.**—The *avicula*, or pearl oyster of Torres Straits (Mr. W. Wyatt Gill says), is the same as that of Ceylon and the straits of Java. The Chinese shell is far inferior, being, like those of the Pacific, of the dark-edged sort (*margarifera*, Linn.). The beautiful *avicula* fetches in the London market from £140 to £260 per ton. The pearl fisheries of Ceylon and the Java Straits were well-nigh exhausted at the time of the discovery of the Torres Straits *avicula*. These exhausted beds renew themselves in about seven years. The golden-tipped *avicula* is usually found in *passages* between islands (not on coral reefs) in mud and sand. It usually lies concealed in what divers call “grass”—i.e., a sort of seaweed not unlike grass in appearance. This explains the circumstances that divers sometimes go down and come up without obtaining a shell, where shell is afterwards found in abundance. Divers do not, properly speaking, *see*, but *feel* for it with their hands. Some masters assert that the Torres Straits *avicula* grows only where the sea is brackish by means of the flow of streams from New Guinea. This is a decided mistake, for fine shell is obtained at great distances from any stream whatever. The weight of the shell is proportioned to the depth of the water. Shells weighing fifteen pounds each *have been* obtained in Torres Straits, but those now obtained are about one-third of that weight. When a diver comes up, a plank is thrown to him to put his shells on to prevent his sinking. A boat, carrying a number of planks, is always at hand to render assistance. Young Tat women make capital divers. One of them, just before my visit to New Guinea, was bitten in the thigh to the bone, yet without its being severed. Her companions assailed the shark, who, however, succeeded in getting a second bite of the same leg. She was rescued; leaves were applied to the ghastly wounds, and by careful treatment she eventually recovered. Of course she cannot walk, but, strangely enough, she can dive for shell. The sorting of these beautiful pearl shells into seven or eight classes is a separate trade carried on in London.

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